name of the accountant, so I could write her myself. She immediately became suspicious. She wanted to know my name. "Paranoid subtype?" I said my name was none of her business, but their accountant's name was public information. She still wouldn't give it to me, so I looked it up on their website.

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Harriet called. She said he'd known Adam for years. Every time she met him she asked him how was the job. He always said fine. I repeated what Adam had said to me, and that I'd told Head Office. Harriet wanted to know why I hadn't said anything to her. I thought it was obvious. Adam was still alive. She said it looked like Adam told me things that he never told anyone else. I said that appeared to be the case.

I'd no way of knowing what Harriet knew or didn't know. I'd probably assumed that she knew more than she did, but she'd done nothing about it. There was no point in telling her anything more, or in worrying very much about what she knew. She was the perfect agent of an agent of the government. She knew nothing.

As soon as she hung up I realized where she was headed. Now I look before I go out the door to see if anyone from the House is standing on the steps opposite. If so I usually turn around and go back upstairs to wait for them to go.